

THE AMADOR LEDGER.

Established November 1, 1855

Five Cents Per Copy.

A JERICHO FAILURE.

THE ATTEMPT TO FORM A COMPANY OF HOME GUARDS.

Pat Perkins, the Postmaster, tells how Bill Lapham sprang His Scheme on the Meeting and How Lish Billings Gave It a Black Eye.

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It was gittin the mail ready to put into the Tarrytown bag when Bill Lapham comes in. Bill runs a goose farm just out of Jericho. He and his wife are known fur the last year that he wanted to do sumthin smart to git hisself talked about, and when I seen him come in with his chin in the air I spected he'd hit it.

"Look here, pap," he whispers, though we was all alone. "I've struck the biggest, broadest, tallest, heftiest idea ever thought out by mortal man, and I'm bevin hard work to catch my breath. I'll be hanged if my head don't swin and my knees wobble over it."

"Is it how to grow geese feathers on hem?" says I, knowin he'd bin experimintin in that direction.

"I'd tell you, pap, quicker'n any other man in the United States, but I



"I'VE STRUCK THE BIGGEST IDEA EVER HEARD OF."

want to keep it to hit the crowd with tonight. I want the biggest, businest crowd to gather here tonight that the town of Jericho has ever seen. Give every man notice as drops in today, and along about 7 o'clock I'll hev the fire bells rung and the horns tooted. Tell 'em it's a big thing, jump tell 'em it's sumthin that's bound to jump this town over a ten rail fence and make city lots with a thousand dollars apiece."

There was a good deal of excitement around town that afternoon, and when night came the crowd at the postoffice was as big as the time when war was declared ag'in Spain. Most of 'em thought Bill Lapham was goin to declar war ag'in Mexico or Canada, and everybody was lookin pale when Deacon Spooner called the meetin to order and said:

"Sons of freedom, we hav gathered here tonight to hear some remarks from our esteemed fellow townsmen, William Lapham, and we kin take it that them remarks will go beyond geese and goslin's. Make your pint, Bill."

"My pint is this," says Bill as he draws a long breath and steps out to git room. "We ar' now in the midst of the turmoil of a political campaign. Somebody is goin to be elected. I ain't sayin who it'll be, but the golden opportunity for which Jericho has signed is at hand. When the newly elected official takes the oath of office, he will be escorted to and fro."

"That's 'reect," says Deacon Spooner as Bill pauses for breath. "The speaker ain't through yet, but he's made a pint already. When he refers to the turmoil of campaign, it's not only high flown language, but a strong pint. Go ahead, Bill."

"That escort will not only do the president proud," continued Bill, "but every man in it will be mentioned by all the papers in the United States. They'll speak of his wife and children and town and home, and he'll be a big man fur the rest of his life. He kin be elected sheriff without opposition, and if any one runs ag'in him for the legislature they'll be snowed under. What I hear tonight fur is to ask the questions: Why not organize the Jericho Guards? And why shouldn't the Jericho Guards be that escort?"

There was yellin and whoopin fur the next five minuts, but when the deacon could make himself heard he said:

"It's a pint gentlemen—six or seven pints. I've read all the speeches ever delivered by Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, and both of 'em put together never made the pints our Bill Lapham has. Bein I hev the floor, I'll say I favor the idea. Yes, sir, I'm with it heart and soul. I want my wife to go down fast fur the Jericho Guards, and I'm even willin to sacrifice myself and be captain of the company. S'posin we hear from Abner Jones on the subject."

"I s'pose it's known in this town that my great-grandfather was killed at the battle of Monmouth," says Abner as he gets off the counter, "though I ain't braggin about it. I'll jest say that I'm willin to die fur my country any time I'm called upon, and if I'm elected captain of the Jericho Guards I'll promise that no invader shall set foot on these shores and live for five minuts."

"That's a pint in that," says the deacon as he looks a bit put out. "When a man's willin to die fur his country, that's a pint in his favor, but of course we want to hear from other patriots. How is it with you, Moses Plumber?"

"Does any man here doubt that I'm willin to die fur America?" asks Moses as he draws himself up. "My great-grandfather didn't die at Monmouth, but the blood of them seven uncles of mine that fell durin the civil war flows in my veins, and my watchword is 'Liberty or death!' As captain of the Jericho Guards you'll find me at the front, and if I don't kill at least seven invaders a week you kin bounce me out."

"The seven uncles and seven invaders are a pint Moses," says the deacon, "and I'm proud that we both live in the same town. Bill Lapham seems to be sneasy, and I'll ask him if he has anythin more to say."

"In the fust place," says Bill, "I'd like to know if everybody is in favor of organizin the Jericho Guards."

Everybody swang his hat and yelled

out that he was.

"In the second place, I'd like to know if everybody wants to be captain." Everybody swang his hat and yelled out that he did.

"But everybody can't be," protested Bill. "I don't want nobody to charge me with bein selfish or conceited, but I'm tellin you that this idea is mine and that I'm the man to boss the Jericho Guards. I believe I'm the only man in this town who wanted to enlist out that he was.

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FRIDAY..... NOVEMBER 2, 1900

FOR PRESIDENT

William McKinley - - - - of Ohio

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

Theodore Roosevelt - - - - of New York



FOR CONGRESSMAN, SECOND DISTRICT.

S. D. WOODS..... of Stockton

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN, FIFTEENTH DISTRICT.

FRED L. STEWART..... of Ione

FOR SUPERVISORS.

WM. TAM (Township No. 1)..... of Jackson

WESLEY M. AMICK (Township No. 2)..... of Ione

E. B. MOORE (Township No. 4)..... of Sutter Creek

"If there is any one who believes the Gold Standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I want him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it."—W. J. Bryan.

WOODS MUST BE ELECTED.

Perhaps some of the Republicans of the Second Congressional District are not thoroughly aroused to the importance of electing our nominee for Congress. There is great danger that the Bryanite free silver advocates will, by next Tuesday's election, gain control of the lower House of the Fifty-seventh Congress. If they gain representatives from eight districts and keep what they now have, they will be in the majority. They will probably gain three in North Carolina, and there are at least five other districts now represented by sound money men that they are likely to carry this year. It will be difficult for the sound money people to prevent the Bryanites gaining the districts mentioned, and it will be equally difficult for the sound money people to gain new districts.

It is scarcely possible for our people, under present favorable conditions, to realize that we are on the verge of a calamity that will certainly destroy the present commercial prosperity. If the Bryanites control the lower House they will certainly express resentment of the gold standard by passage of a free silver bill. The Senate would not confirm it, but the simple fact that one House of Congress, so soon after the enactment of the gold standard law, should consent to take such a step would undo our present splendid financial rating. Creditors would lose faith in our stability or continuity of purpose, and commercial confidence would be shaken to tremendous, untold loss. Labor and capital would suffer several years of inactivity and distress.

With these statements accepted as the plain truth, will any thoughtful man be willing to take any risk? Will any thoughtful man rest content without effort in this campaign? What is to be done? Every patriot who loves his country's good name, every citizen who understands the vital necessity of the employment of our people, must bend his back in an effort to resist the wrong with which the demagogue would burden us.

In every Congressional district in the country the friends of sound money should put forth every possible honorable effort to secure votes favorable to candidates committed to sound money law. It is absolutely necessary to gain some new districts and a struggle is necessary to save many that are now represented by sound money members.

By helping to elect Sam D. Woods, we hope to save the people from the disaster that threatens them. Mr. Woods must be supported by all possible co-operation. The interests of every industry in Amador county is menaced. Our business men and people generally cannot afford to take any chances. Let us, therefore, give the Republican candidate for Congress in this district a big boost toward Washington.

WESLEY M. AMICK.

Wesley M. Amick, Republican candidate for Supervisor in Township Two, has made a strong, clean-cut campaign. From the day of his nomination to the present he has conducted his canvass on business principles and he has gained in political strength from day to day. His election, we understand from men of his district who are fully competent to judge, is sure to follow. He is the choice of the majority, and that means his election. No better man is in the field and his election will prove entirely satisfactory to every voter in his district, for his public duties will be well performed. The fact that leaders of the Democratic party from other townships, notably from Township One, are uniting their

strength against Amick, will make votes for him instead of Clifton, for the voters of Township Two declare that they will not be dictated to by outsiders, who, for selfish reasons, are meddling with township matters that they have neither voice nor vote in. We warn the two prominent Democrats from Jackson, who are camping on Mr. Amick's trail, that they are making a serious mistake. The object of their unfair work is very apparent, and the people will not put up with such political work. Mr. Amick's canvass has been fair and above board, and the leaders of the Republican party in this county, outside of his township, have taken no hand in his fight. They have kept hands off as they felt in duty bound to do, and in all honor should do. Now let the Democratic leaders do likewise, or prepare for chickens that will surely come home to roost.

WILLIAM TAM'S POSITION.

William Tam, at the Woods' meeting, stated his position fully and frankly on the matter of the supervisorship of this township. His statement is clear, earnest and honest and we cannot do better in his behalf than lay it before our readers. Mr. Tam spoke as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The Republican Convention has seen fit to bestow upon me the honor of being its nominee for Supervisor for Township One, and it is nothing more than right and fair that I should let you know what I intend to do for the betterment of this County in general and this Township in particular upon taking my oath of office on the first Monday in January, 1901, if elected.

"There is one thing in particular to which I desire to call your attention tonight, although I hardly think it is necessary for me to do so, as you are as well aware of it as I am, and that is the deplorable condition of some of our county roads in this Township and elsewhere. I am an admirer of good roads, and if elected I pledge myself to do everything within my power to bring about the construction of thoroughly up-to-date highways in every portion of this Township. I am not in favor of spending all the money apportioned to this district upon one highway, but believe in applying the money equally to all the roads in the Township, thereby giving to each road its proper share of improvement.

"I am in favor of improving the road between here and the Mokelumne river so as to induce the people from the Gwin mine and vicinity to come to Jackson to do their trading. This road at present is in a very bad condition owing to the chuck-holes that are in it all the way from Jackson to the river. This road can be put in good shape with the expenditure of a small amount of money and would greatly benefit Jackson.

"I will give all road work my personal attention and will employ only such men as are accustomed to doing that kind of work, and who are willing to give a full day's work of eight hours in exchange for their wages. A Supervisor, or any other official, should give as much attention to county business as he does his own, and be just as careful to employ the best men that can be obtained for the particular work which they are required to do as he would if he were hiring them to do his private business.

"I am heartily in favor of the economic administration of all county affairs and my whole time and labor will be devoted to securing such an administration. It will be my purpose to keep the tax rate as low as possible consistent with raising sufficient revenue for the proper improvement of our highways, the thorough education of our children, and the keeping in good repair of all our school and other public buildings.

"Another thing, if elected I will be the Supervisor for Township One. I will not allow myself to be pulled and hauled around by this man and that man to do what they want me to, but I will do my duty according to what I think is right and for the best interests of the people and any person having business to transact with the county can come to me and I will tell him what my action will be; there will be no necessity of getting a third party to induce me to act. Furthermore, if elected, I will be the Supervisor for all, irrespective of politics the same for a Democrat, Populist or Prohibitionist as for a Republican.

"I understand thoroughly that the interests of the people in this district are superior to my own, and you should in justice to yourselves elect the man best qualified to conduct your business as you want it conducted. If you believe that I am that man I ask your earnest support and want you to take as much interest in my canvass as I am taking in it and when I am elected I shall be pleased to have the people of this district confer with me upon all public questions which they think are of interest to this district.

"In short, fellow citizens, if you will stamp the cross opposite the name of William Tam on the 6th day of next month, and I am elected, as I hope to be, you will never regret it. I have lived in this community for a number of years and am well acquainted with all its needs, my children are growing to manhood and womanhood here, so you may rest assured that anything that will be for the best interests of Amador county and this Township I will be in favor of, and will work hard to see that it is accomplished."

FRED L. STEWART.

Fred L. Stewart, nominee for the Assembly, has made one of the most vigorous campaigns in the history of Amador county politics. He has gone to almost every nook and corner of the county and made himself acquainted with the voters.

From every section, most complimentary reports have been received of his meetings and his speeches.

Immediately after his nomination, it was the general opinion that Dr. Adams had a decided advantage over Mr. Stewart in that the former was better acquainted with the people of the district in sections, other than Township Two, where both Dr. Adams and Mr. Stewart have resided for many years. This advantage of acquaintanceship of the Doctor, has been overcome by Mr. Stewart, and on the streets of Jackson this morning, it is current talk that Stewart will be elected.

Bryans Trust Distinctions.

"I want to start with the declaration that a monopoly in private hands is dangerous from any standpoint, and intolerable. I make no exceptions to the rule."—W. J. Bryan of Chicago Trust Conference, September 16, 1899.

National Starch Company, "I glory in the courage of the Attorney General to come to Otoe county to drive out the spirit of your community."

W. J. Bryan spoke thus at Nebraska City, September 26, 1900, with reference to the action instituted by Attorney General Smyth against the National Starch Company, to prevent it from doing business in Nebraska. This concern is owned by citizens of Nebraska City, who have done much for the upholding of Nebraska's industries, and who have also donated libraries and public parks.

But several of them, gold Democrats, like J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture under Cleveland and the founder of "Arbor Day," have also incurred the bitter personal enmity of Bryan on account of their opposition to free silver.

The company pays good wages to 250 people, and practically supports the town of Nebraska City. During the last ten years it has paid \$2,000,000 to farmers in the neighborhood for corn. It has made a world-wide market for a Nebraska product. It has never done anything in restraint of trade.

PROGRESS OF THE TRUST DISCRIMINATION.

After leaving to his Attorney General the work in which he himself a concern of driving out of Nebraska a silver smelting trust, of Omaha, Bryan continues his progress towards the overthrow of trusts by traveling eastward to the headquarters of the "Money Power" in New York, where sublimely conscious that

The big trust is right there. That he says is a "local affair."

He plans to talk at Madison Square on the same platform with "Emperor Dick" Croker, leading stockholder in the Ice Trust, at a meeting to be presided over by Mr. Edward K. Shepard, who drew the Articles of Incorporation for the Sugar Trust, and whose entire time from one year's end to the other is absorbed in giving legal advice to that notorious monopoly.

Consistency may be golden. It so, inconsistency, criminal inconsistency, is silver and Bryan.

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OF JACKSON, CAL.

A LIVE COAL TRICK.

Teaches Natural Law, Yet Has All the Appearance of Magic.

No one would suppose that it is possible to hold a glowing coal on a piece of linen or cotton without burning the cloth, but that such can be done is easy for any one to prove, and at the same time the experiment teaches important natural law. Every child knows that the telephone and telegraph wires are made of copper because that metal is a good conductor of heat and electricity, which is only another form of heat. If a poker is heated in the fire, you pick up a cloth to hold the outer end, although it has not been in the fire because experience has taught you that the heat is conducted through the metal from the fire to the outer end.

This experiment with the flaming coal is based upon this principle and the additional one that linen and cotton are poor conductors of heat. Take a globe of copper and draw a piece of cloth tightly over it so that there is not a wrinkle at the top. If the linen or cotton is closely woven, the trick is all the more certain. Then, holding the cloth tightly in place, you can safely hold a glowing coal on top of the cloth, and while it burns fiercely, the cloth will not even be scorched.

The reason is that the great conductivity of the copper draws the heat of the coal before it can burn the cloth. Do not try this experiment with a good handkerchief first, for if the cloth is not tightly drawn it may burn, but take some worthless piece of linen or muslin and after you are certain of your experiment you can astonish your friends who do not know the secret—Washington Post.

Sugar in the Human System.

Sugar is a substance that dissolves easily and in considerable quantity in water. When in solution it easily passes through animal's membrane by osmosis, and so the question of its absorption seemed simple enough. The disease diabetes showed, however, that sugar might exist very plentifully in the blood and yet the nutrition of an individual suffer very much for the lack of it. Something else besides its mere presence in the system was necessary to secure its consumption by the tissues.

Bernard thought that the liver was active in the consumption of sugar and that disease of this organ caused diabetes. He therefore secured some of the blood going to the liver of a living animal and some of the blood that was just leaving it. To his surprise, the blood leaving the liver contained more sugar than that entering it.

After assuring himself that his observations were correct, he tried his experiments in different ways. He found that even in the blood leaving the liver of an animal that had been fed only on substances containing no sugar, sugar could be demonstrated.

Even in a fasting animal the liver itself and the blood leaving it showed the presence of a form of sugar.

The only possible conclusion from this was that the liver was capable of manufacturing this form of sugar out of nonsugar containing material, or even from the blood of a fasting animal—Catholic World.

A Circus Horse in Battle.

Colonel Charles Marshall, who was aid-de-camp to General Robert E. Lee and who went through the battles of the war with his chief, told the following amusing story of his experience with a new horse: His old horse had been shot from under him in the fight of the previous day, and he had taken possession of an animal that seemed to suit the work. In the battle a few hours later he was riding across a field in which there were numerous stumps. Suddenly the performance opened. The guns roared and the air was filled with smoke and noise. Before Colonel Marshall knew what was happening the horse had his four feet on one of the stumps and was gayly dancing in a circle. In the mean time the firing was increasing, and the situation was anything but comfortable, but the horse kept on as if he were enjoying it. "It was not until afterward," said Colonel Marshall, "that I found the horse had belonged to a circus and had been trained to do this act amid the firing of cannon."

Converting the Chinaman.

When I first met him the Greek archimandrite had been 40 years in Peking, and had never been anywhere else except for two caravan journeys to Russia. He was an elderly gentleman, with a smile like Benjamin Franklin's, and was famed at the Chinese capital for keeping the best wines and the best tobacco. He was a bachelor, and today I recall him when I try to fancy Epictetus in the body. He wore the Chinese pygmalion and clothes to match, and people said he could give Chinese mandarins points on etiquette. He gave me, at least, many happy hours, for he talked with frankness and facility rarely united in a Russian, least of all an archimandrite.

One day, for instance, I asked him bluntly how many converts he had made. He answered that he thought he had made one, but he did not wish to be taken as stating this positively. When I returned to China after an interval of 21 years, all my inquiries led me to respect the honesty of this Russian. He said, furthermore:

"I have been here 40 years, and perhaps I have converted one Chinaman. When missionaries tell you that they have done more than that, do not believe them."—Poulton Bigelow in North American Review.

The Neatest Town in the World.

Brock, in Holland, is far famed as the "neatest town in the world." This town is so fastidious that until a few years ago horses were not allowed on its streets for reasons of cleanliness, and the entire town is as scrupulously kept as a man-of-war. It is a village of 2,700 inhabitants, the main industry of which is the making of Edam cheeses. —Boston Transcript.

Pat's Services.

Clergyman—Pat, there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I am trying to collect money sufficient to repair it. Come now, what will you contribute?

Pat—Me services, sor.

Clergyman—What do you mean, Pat?

You are no carpenter.

Pat—No, but if it rains next Sunday, I'll sit over the hole.—Pearson's.

The Track Foreman.

The track foreman actually accounts for a greater proportion of the railroad's expenditures than any other employee, because the greatest cost of railroading is in the roadbed, and its equipment and the expense of maintaining it. The track foreman is in fact an important employee, but about the only time a passenger ever sees his sunburned face is while he is being whisked by between stations at 60 miles an hour.—New York Sun.

What Russia Is Like.

In Russia everything is large and everything is loud. Moscow is like an immense village, and everything in it is built broad, not high, because there is so much space to cover. The public squares, unpaved and surrounded by a little rim of cobble, are as big as meadows. The arcades and passages, with their cellars below, their shops above, their glass roofs, are so enormous that they could hold the Passage des Panoramas and the Burlington Arcade and the galleries at Milan without filling more than a corner of them.

Clothes shriek and flame; the Muscovite eyes sees only by emphasis and by contrast; red is completed either by another red or by a bright blue. There are no shades, no reticence, no modulations. The restaurants are filled with the din of vast mechanical organs, with drums and cymbals; a great bell clashes against a chain on all the trains to clear the roads; the music which one hears is a ferocity of brass.

The masons who build the houses build in top boots, red shirts and pink trousers; the houses are painted red or green or blue; the churches are like the temples of savage idols, tortured into every unnatural shape and colored with glaring color. Bare feet, osier sandals and legs swathed in rags pass to and fro among the top boots of the middle classes, the patent leather boots of the upper classes, like the inner savagery of a race still so near barbarism, made evident in that survival of the footgear of primitive races.—Saturday Review.

The Senate's Hole In the Wall.

When the nineteenth century was as yet only half grown, senators applied customarily for their toadies at the so called Hole in the Wall, a small circular room just off the postoffice of the upper house. The latter body, as will be remembered, then occupied what is now the chamber of the supreme court, and the postoffice was across the main corridor of the building on the same floor. When a wearer of the toga found himself in need of a "shifter," he had only to cross over to the mails department and pass through it to the little circular room aforesaid, which was about the size of a pantry.

The Hole in the Wall was the first senate restaurant, and the bill of fare for edibles was short, though to the point. They were ham, guaranteed to have been smoked for six months, a veritable sublimation of the pork product; likewise corned beef and bread and cheese, but very little else. They served, however, as an accompaniment for the fluids, and when the Hole was crowded, as was often the case, senators ate their sandwiches outside, in the postoffice.—Washington Post.

He Obeys.

Murat Halstead, the great journalist of warrtimes, went to General William T. Sherman's headquarters once for the "latest news from the front." Halstead was armed, with many fine introductory letters, but decided to rely mainly on one given him by Thomas Ewing, Sherman's brother-in-law. He found the general and presented Ewing's letter. The general opened it somewhat impatiently, read a few lines, folded it and said:

"Ah, you come from Ewing, and you desire to have 'all the latest news,' the 'next probable move' of our army, eh? Well, there's a train leaving this town for Cincinnati at 2 o'clock. Here, take this ticket, and step over there and get your dinner, and then get on that train."

"Well, but, General Sherman"—began the newspaper man. But Sherman waved him off.

"Go over and get a good dinner; we have plenty and always strive to treat our friends well. But be sure you don't miss that 2 o'clock train." And Halstead wisely obeyed.

Deportment on a Car Platform.

He had studied all the rules of courtesy laid down for conductors, and had profited by them. He did not intend to be caught napping.

"What car is this?" asked the sweet young thing.

He doffed his cap and gave her a Chesterfieldian bow.

"Madam," he said, "this is car No. 319."

"I mean," she explained, "what is its destination?"

"Madam," he answered with the same courtesy, "it affords me pleasure to be able to inform you that its destination is the car barn!"—Chicago Post.

She Was Sensitive.

"Your face is like an open book," sighed Mr. Softeigh to Miss Goode, accompanying the remark with what he thought was his most winning smile.

"If I had as big a mouth as yours I would not talk about other people's," sniffed the young lady as she flounced out of the room, thus teaching the young man to cling to the good old, unmistakable taffy talk; when he desires to be complimentary.—Baltimore American.

The Tavernier Pearl.

The largest price ever asked and paid for a single pearl was \$550,000, which was the value of the great Tavernier pearl. It is the largest and most perfect gem of its kind known. It is exactly two inches in length and oval shaped.

The Usual Reply.

A year ago a tailor mustered courage enough to send his bill to an editor. He received it yesterday with a polite note, saying, "Your manuscript is respectively declined."

How China Was Explored.

As far back as 1816 English explorers began their work in southern China, for in that year Amherst made a journey along the banks of the Pekin, one of the northern tributaries of the Siang, sometimes called the river of China, but Macartney had already done valuable work up the same stream in 1783. It was not, however, until the early part of the second half of the century—in the sixties—that systematic exploration of that part of China was undertaken. During that decade the southwestern and southern provinces were regularly garrisoned by English explorers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Rather Warm.

Here is a story which General Burgoyne used to tell: At a great dinner party in India the sun was so powerful that on a blind being moved accidentally for a few seconds the rays lighted upon the hostess and reduced her to ashes. Her husband, having noticed the catastrophe, called to a servant and directed him to sweep up his mistress and bring another bottle of claret.

Not Afraid.

"She talked to him just to let him know she wasn't afraid of old bachelors." "Yes?"

"And he talked to her just to let her know that he wasn't afraid of widows."

"Well?"

"Oh, they're married now"—Chicago Record.

AVERTED A TRAGEDY.

The Nerve Displayed by Daniel O'Connell at a Critical Moment.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator, had a contempt for physical danger. On a certain occasion a meeting had been convened, and a large crowd assembled in a room on the first floor of a building in a small city in Ireland.

O'Connell was about to address the people when a gentleman, pale with fear, made his way to the platform and hoarsely whispered:

"Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams that shore it up are cracking, and we shall fall through in a few minutes!"

"Keep silent," said O'Connell. Then, raising his voice he addressed the assembly:

"I find that the room is too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must leave it and hold the meeting outside the building."

At this a few rose and went out, but the majority retained their seats. Then O'Connell said:

"I will tell you the truth. You are Irishmen, therefore brave men. The floor is giving way, and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door, we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be saved. Let the 12 men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next 12, and so on till we have gone. I shall be the last to leave."

His instructions were obeyed to the letter, and he waited, patient and calm, till all had gone out in safety. Then he walked quietly across the quivering, cracking floor, reaching the door just as the shattered beams gave way. And thus, by the force of his strong will, a terrible accident was averted.—Exchange.

The Senator's Funeral Toilet.

There are certain insects that have a respect for Mrs. Grundy and are educated with such an innate love of neatness and order that not even in their most decapitated, can prevent them from making one grand toilet which is clearly designed to give a sedate and respectable appearance after death.

But He Wouldn't Change.

When Captain Jack, the chief of the Modocs, once the terror of the whites, was captured and about to be executed, a clergyman waited upon the tough old chieftain to offer consolation. He ended up a long exhortation by saying, "And if you repeat of your wickedness in fighting white men the Great Spirit will permit you to go to heaven."

With all the politeness in the world Captain Jack replied: "Do you think you'll go to that place?"

"Certainly," said the minister. "If I hold today, I would be there before night."

Quick as a flash came the answer, "If you will take my place and be hanged tomorrow, I will give you 40 pence." The offer was not taken, and the clergyman sought heaven by a less direct route.

Had the Right Idea.

It is related in good authority, and in case good authority means good, that the Modocs, once the terror of the whites, was captured and about to be executed, a clergyman waited upon the tough old chieftain to offer consolation. He ended up a long exhortation by saying, "And if you repeat of your wickedness in fighting white men the Great Spirit will permit you to go to heaven."

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